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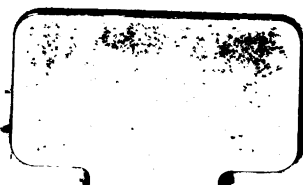
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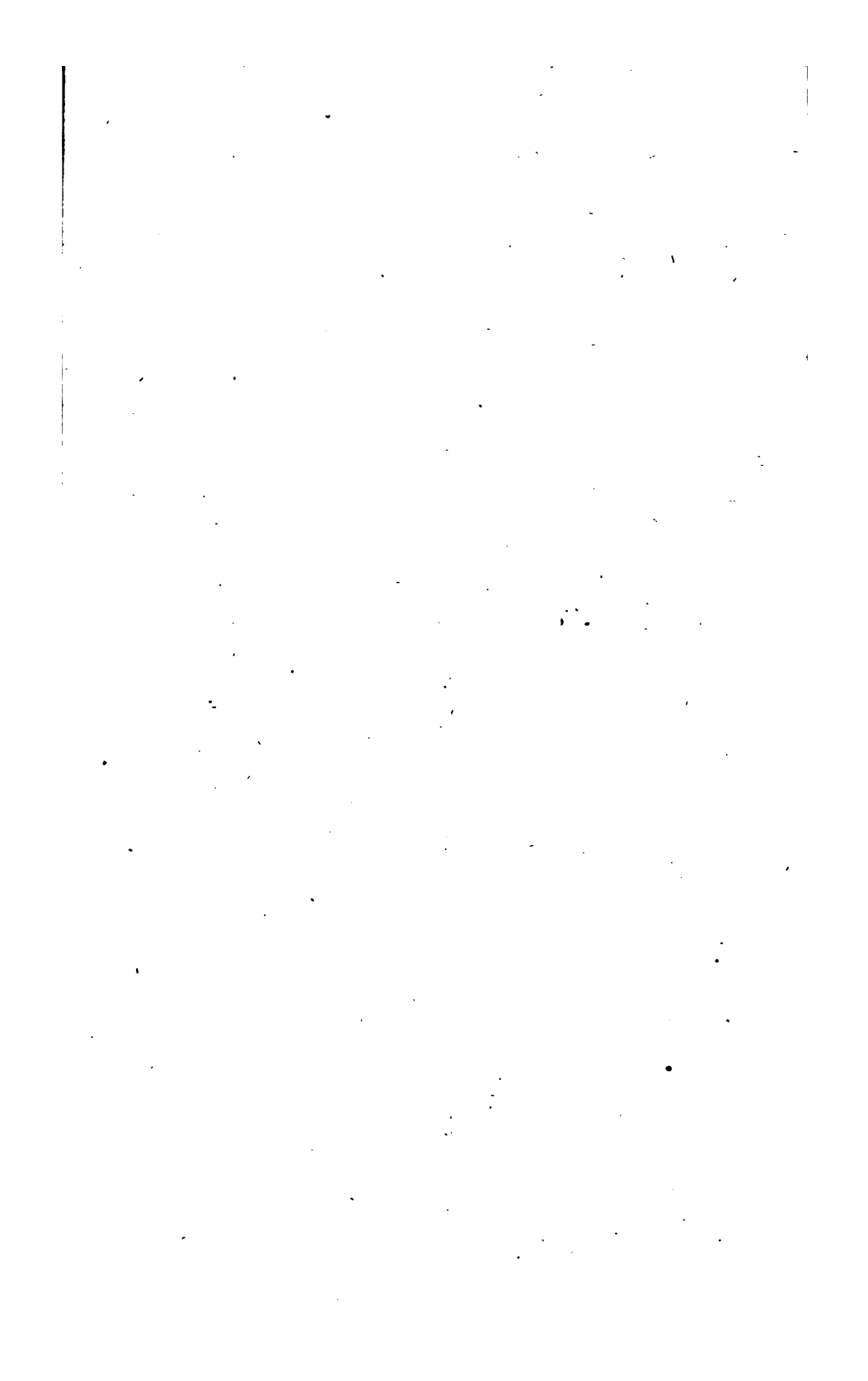
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**HORÆ POETICÆ;**

**OR,**

**EFFUSIONS OF CANDOR.**

---

✓

*S. H. 1825*

# HORÆ POETICÆ; ✓

OR,

## EFFUSIONS OF CANDOR.

---

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

---

Of the tongue that can flatter, O reader Beware!  
As we commonly find a decoy mask a snare;  
And should Candor's lash happen to touch on a flaw,  
Pray thyself deem exempted by good-breeding's law.  
Fain would I please all, but 'twere vain to attempt,  
For what here finds a smile, oft there meets contempt:  
I have therefore determin'd to truth to adhere,  
Esteem approbation, and laugh at the sneer.

---

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PICCADILLY.

—~—  
1825.

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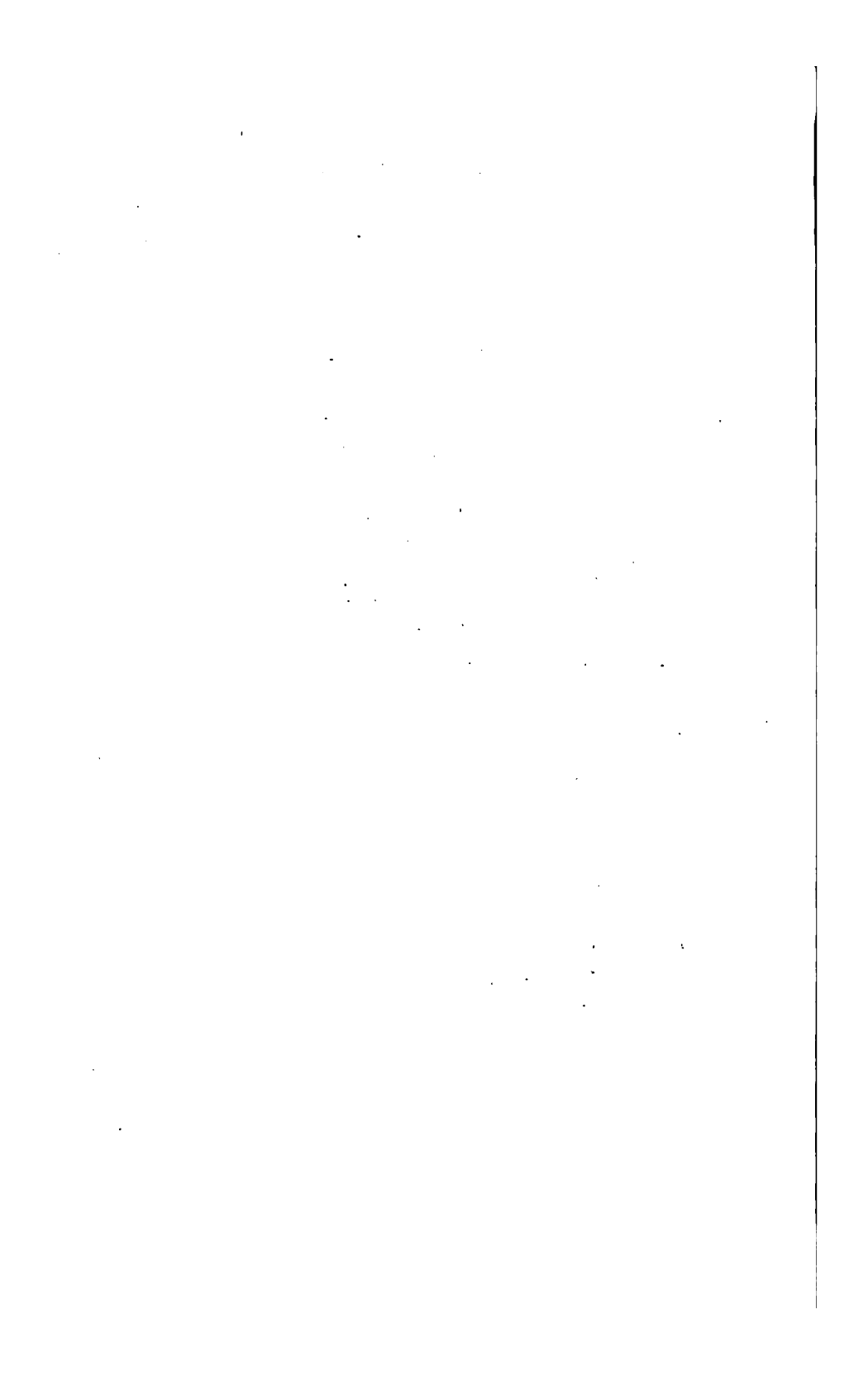


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Rupert Street, Haymarket.

TO  
LIEUT. COL. GEORGE WILKINS, C. B.

THESE POEMS  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,  
AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO HIS WORTH,  
AND ESTEEMED FRIENDSHIP, IN DAYS PAST,  
BY HIS EVER SINCERE,  
AND DEVOTED SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.

*November, 1834.*



## PREFACE.

---

So repugnant is our perverse nature to the salutary precepts of Virtue ; and so lamentably disregarded is the sway of her unsullied sceptre, in this our degenerate day, in which skilful invention sedulously prompts the ready propensities of the human breast ; that I do not so much as presume to trust the following feeble effusions of my pen, will materially arouse the criminal apathy of the one, or in any wise, restrain the baneful efforts of the other : yet, violated as her honorable mandates are, conscious that they are calculated to smooth the chequered paths of life, and point our way to peace, I derive a satisfaction in vindicating them, far more grateful than the empty approbation of vice, or the fallacious smile of folly. Actuated then, by such feelings, I composed the following humble work, which I now submit to a discerning Public, with diffidence in every sense but this,

## PREFACE.

that it cannot be classed with those contaminating productions of our time, which, like so many nectareous poisons, not only vitiate morality, but if I may be allowed the expression, taint the lifeblood of the soul itself.

Some perhaps, may fancy that my first poem, entitled *The Campaign*, concludes somewhat abruptly, and as it is my studious wish, as much as possible, to elucidate any inconsistency at all likely to arise to those who may deem its pages worthy of perusal, I beg to observe, that about the time hostility ceased for that season, I was attacked by a very severe fit of illness, of no short duration.

Many will, I doubt not, turn an incredulous ear to my assertion of the reality of supernatural agency on earth ; and the day has been when I myself looked on goblin tales as the idle inventions of forging gossips ; but I am now authorized by indubitable proofs, not only through the medium of my own senses, but of those of others, to avow a belief therein, that is, on particular occasions ; a belief, I say, as firm as that which I maintain in my own existence. “ Ah ! Thou “ sorry Visionary ! ” Methinks the sceptic cries. “ Our “ day is too enlightened for the reception of such

#### PREFACE.

“gross opinions, and I think, with a worthy Doctor who has lately given us an able treatise on the subject, that *all* are phantoms created only by a “disordered intellect, or delusive imagination.” But I regard no such invective, as the essay which I have it in contemplation to publish, will I trust, sufficiently substantiate my declaration.

It is probable too, that some may term the poem titled Darby O’Gallagher, rather inelegant, but it should be remembered that I have strictly adhered to native dialect, in order to preserve effect ; and this tale, founded on fact (as most of the poems are) ought to be read with the thick pronunciation literally prescribed, that it may maintain an air of rude Hibernian style.

*November, 1824.*

The following being omitted in its proper place, immediately after the last verse in page 42; is given here, that it may the better meet the eye of the reader.

The *château*\* furious storm'd on our right,  
Which of stanch guards, a party still maintains;  
Now soon presents a melancholy sight,  
As shrieks of wounded pierce the gorging flames.

\* This *chateau* De Gomont, the high garden wall of which was loopholed by our troops, was often desperately assailed by the left wing of the French army, and at length, set on fire by a shell. Close to its outer door, there is a grave in which La Coate, the peasant whom Bonaparte employed as guide, assured us about thirteen hundred unfortunate men who, with many others, fell at this post, lay blending together.

.....  
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# HORÆ POETICÆ;

OR,

## EFFUSIONS OF CANDOR.

---

### THE CAMPAIGN.

STILL and dark is the night we drop for the main,  
And guns, roaring, flash in the gloom,  
From piloting convoy ; till channel we gain  
And promptly for Portugal spoon ;

As slowly, dun twilight proclaims in the west,  
Approach of the ruler of day,  
Which soon seeming peeps from ocean's vast breast,  
In sanguine, but modest, array.

While mounting to splendor, he banishes chills,—  
Faint gilds the green face of the deep,  
And brightens our prospect of vanishing hills;  
As we, from Albion's coast, sweep.

Oh ! Heaven alone can the secret reveal ;  
Who's to return, and who is to fall :  
Each now fondly hopes he shall sail back as well—  
But return, we like, shall not all.

---

---

THE CAMPAIGN.

---

---

Reviv'd by good viands, we pastimes devise,—  
Despatch empty bottles o'erboard ;  
And at the marks level, as dancing they rise ;  
Together, from star- and lar-board ;

While grampuses spouting, rude gambol around,  
And porpuses roll through the flood,  
And indolent turtles waft on the profound,  
And birds of diversity seud.

Slow dies the wind—and, as we skirt Biscay's bay ;  
So tranquil becomes the surface,  
That it seems like a sheet—no longer a sea—  
A vast sheet of sun-burnish'd Ice !

Not a swell, not a curl, is now to be seen,  
Save where the aquatics disturb,  
And our becalm'd vessels disorder the scene,  
And fishes flap, gall'd by the curb.

But Boreas soon gently shoves us ahead,  
Till every breast is inspir'd  
With joy, by a glimpse of a high hill's blue head—  
The land we by this time desir'd.

---

 THE CAMPAIGN.
 

---

Maffra's huge mountains vary shade as we near;  
 Next day, dingy russet assume :  
 Strange objects, each hour, still plainer appear;  
 And we gain harbor's mouth by the noon.

But as we bear inward, our ship misses stays,  
 And a squall from those lofty hills,  
 Disables our rigging, loud female shrieks raise,  
 And shortly each eager soul, chills.

Our lot is now cast, frowning Neptune to face,—  
 His buffets to bear for the night;  
 To lose our top-gallant, and rigging apace,  
 And even of haven lose sight.

A morning propitious, however, ensues,—  
 We bout ship, and make for the port;  
 Off Belem, rejoin the more fortunate crews;  
 Surrounded by many a boat.

Natives olivaster, their skiffs nimble row,  
 Fruits, wines, and tooth-water\* to vend;  
 Desirous to trick us, before we can know  
 The value of such upon land.

\* A liquor not unlike gin, termed *agua dente* by the Portuguese.

---

**THE CAMPAIGN.**

---

In passage boats, soon, we for capital steer,  
Which gradual opens to view :  
High houses o'ertopping, on swelling hills, near,  
And windmills, on far mounts, a few.

O! at the great quays, how tann'd watermen brawl,  
And, fury-like, scuffle for job ;  
Full emulous flock, at a beckon or call ;  
And, cap-in-hand, foreigners rob.

Now, gaz'd at by beings of dialect strange,  
We earnest for quarter inquire ;  
Fatigu'd and bewilder'd; thro' filthy streets range,  
And, at length, to ruins retire—

Where once inquisition dealt stern decrees  
For torturing of fellow men ;  
Which now, with more pleasure, the citizen sees  
Kind harbor his allies foreign.

Refresh'd by the ev'ning, we stroll here and there,—  
About hilly pavements parade ;  
Until squalid sluts make us scuddle and stare,  
As native perfumes they cascade.

---

---

THE CAMPAIGN.

---

---

From their upmost windows, as twilight retires ;

    Oft-times with a hint to beware,

Which with such alarm, each bosom inspires,

    That trembling we step here or there.

Next morning, we visit the aqueduct grand,

    That towers o'er Alcantra's vale ;

In which glides pure water, the boast of the land ;

    Incessant to founts, hill, and dale.

From these sculptur'd fountains, it free gushes out,

    Through mouths, into stone reservoirs ;

And porters supplies, who, with kegs, "*aqua*" shout,

    And emulous serve all employers.

These superb structures were erected by John

    The Fourth, of Braganza's dukes great ;

Who did not exist sufficiently long

    His arduous plan to complete.

Priests, shorn and grotesque, so swarm the streets—

    So constant here clatter great bells—

That one could nigh fancy all saints whom he meets ;

    But I know not yet, where a saint dwells.

---

---

THE CAMPAIGN.

---

---

At this time distressing, however, I see  
They fare well as any extant ;  
Free regale on the prime of the waste country ;  
While thousands, perforce, fodder scant.

The day soon, for weekly horse-market arrives,  
And great is the display of jades :  
Each jockey, to jockey us strangers, now strives ;  
And with jockeylike perfidy, pleads.

We, when full equipp'd, for head-quarters proceed,  
Through steril and exhausted tract,  
Which frequent presents devastation and need,  
And villas deserted and wrack'd.

A few wretched natives, we meet here and there ;  
Indolent, ill-favour'd, and sad :  
Some plaintive deplore the effects of warfare,  
And others vow Spaniards are bad.

Now seldom, if ever, we see pasture green,  
Tho' vineyards and groves variegate ;  
And maize fields contribute to heighten the scene ;  
And cork trees, which yield us retreat

---

---

THE CAMPAIGN.

---

---

From the sultry rays of a bright noonday sun,  
That often severely oppress ;  
While the black channels, which up the trunks run,  
Convince us that other troops dress

Their hasty repasts, as they travel along ;  
And recline here and there, like ourselves ;  
Till by drum, or bugle, again urged on,  
For the point where the enemy dwells.

Hundreds, on our journey, of natives we see,  
Who fell beneath his savage hand,  
In chapel, they flew to, for security ;  
When zealous defending their land.

In one confus'd jumble, now wasting they lie,  
With tuft black on many a crown ;  
And brow o'er the socket where once roll'd an eye ;  
And scraps of flesh, perish'd and brown.

Ah ! cruel Napoleon ! Scourge of the Day !  
Thou mainspring of such horrid scenes :  
Is it thy ambition to wade to full sway,  
And deluge the earth in thy Dreams ?



---

 THE CAMPAIGN.
 

---

Two-thirds of our number, the army now gain,—  
 The others lie ill in the rear :  
 And the screakings of cars,\* at twilight proclaim  
 The oxen, with baggage, draw near.

Our rest now continues not quite two full days,  
 When all move to harass the foe,—  
 Impede him incessant, and† traverse his ways,  
 Without wish to strike the first blow.

And amazons brawling, their lank cattle mount,  
 Some wind-gall'd, some spavin'd, some blind,  
 Which oft, as they jabber, or exploits recount,  
 Down tumble, or kick up behind.

And sometimes a lady, heels upward, descends,  
 Perhance with cans, wallets, and all :  
 In dust rolls a moment, then powder'd, ascends,  
 And bangs Ned for daring to fall.

\* Owing to the dryness of the timber, through the action of the sun, the working of the axle, which turns as in the common Irish car, is generally attended with a noise, which might be heard at a considerable distance.

---

**THE CAMPAIGN.**

---

Next mid-day, dog-weary, to shade we retire,  
And soup is prepar'd for repast;  
But just as it's ready to calm keen desire,  
The peal for advance is quick pass'd.

A grudg'd sacrifice, to Bellona it's pour'd,  
Reeking upon the parched ground;  
And all apparatus are speedy restor'd,  
While clamor and bustle resound.

Thus balked, we proceed through clouds of dust dense,  
And trudge Villa Vala's steep hills;  
'Twixt which, the heat strikes so exceeding intense,  
That it peels us—and some even kills:

As goats climbing, browse o'er the summits on high,  
Fann'd by a more generous air;  
And envied peasants, in shade, loll, or lie,  
Who, with cool indifference, stare.

With little cessation, we still, day and night,  
Intercept the manœuvring foe;  
And, at length, with comet prodigious, in sight;  
Hurry northward, for Rodrigo.

---

**THE CAMPAIGN.**

---

Our videttes fall back from the Spanish frontier,  
And report that, ten thousand strong ;  
The French, to attack us, are quick drawing near,  
And harassing natives along.

Now, expectant, we form in battle array,  
With eyes steady fix'd on the spot ;  
But they, thro' what motive, it is hard to say  
Withhold, and encounter us not.

They want to supply their strong garrison there,—  
We press on, that they may desist ;  
But at length, they succeed in throwing in fare,  
While sharp, british force they resist.

With full many wounded, our corps now fall back,  
And repass the Spanish frontier ;  
For a while, to canton in Beira's foul wrack,  
And watch the sly enemy there.

But while thus engag'd, in this wretched province ;  
So sad reign distempers, ere long,  
That sergeants their rounds full often commence,  
And to hospital, sick slowly throng.

---

 THE CAMPAIGN.
 

---

Gloomy processions now sadden the streets,  
 And natives themselves are oft borne,  
 Uncoffin'd; \* amidst sable mourners and priests,  
 Of whom very few seem to mourn :—

Thrown into graves scanty, and tramp'd upon,  
 Perhaps at the drear dead of night;  
 'Mid bustle, and chatter, and now and then, fun,  
 While feeling revolts at the sight.

To add to our comforts, moschettoes sharp sting,  
 And hogoos † half-smother'd, annoy;  
 And prattle, at midnight, oft on our ears ring,  
 Of natives that gossip and joy.

The Spaniards, in turn, condemn Portuguese,  
 And swear they're "*diablos*" in grain,  
 Though both so united, defend their countries,  
 Against the marauder of fame.

\* The Portuguese bury their dead without coffins.

† It is a practice very common among the Portuguese to sweeten their houses by fumigation of frankincense, dried lavender, &c.

---

**THE CAMPAIGN.**

---

While chatting one day, with native beside;  
A grave-visag'd stranger struts up,  
With Spaniard-like air, and Biscayan's pride;  
Thick deck'd with plate buttons that drop.

Opinions now pass, on the feats of allies,  
And each his troops native, commends;—  
The confident Spaniard, invoking the skies;  
Vows none like the Spaniard Defends!

My friend most politely allows he fights fair,  
And British loads with dignities;  
But swears by Antonia, none can compare  
With the brave, the fam'd, Portuguese!

Now, in a short time, we our march recommence,  
To harass the harassing foe;  
Each subtle manœuvre, defeat, in defence,  
Without wish to strike the first blow:

Until the wet season full earnest sets in,  
When oft torrents sudden descend,  
Which at length terminate the present campaign,  
And bring its fatigues to an end.

---

 THE CAMPAIGN.
 

---

And now we mix more with the gaunt Portuguese,  
 Whose attics, like many we see ;  
 Teem with such delusions and absurdities,  
 As betray men to eternity.

Their tables, for gaming, are frequented much,  
 Full often, by aged adepts,  
 Who, spectacl'd, thirst the *dinheiro* \* to touch,  
 And play a shrewd card for the bets.

When the host elevated, such haunts passes by,  
 All, summoned, by sacring-bell ;  
 Flock *presto* a moment, to worship and sigh,—  
 Then back to those precincts of hell,

Oft as *O diabo* comes plump bolting out  
 Of the lips just thus sanctifi'd ;  
 Or altercation commences about,  
 The state of the game, on some side.

But why need I Wonder? Man's man, every where :  
 He dares not, point-blank, to resign  
 His claim to that bliss Heaven promises fair,  
 Yet, presumptuous, wallows in Crime !

\* Money.

## THE NUN.

'MID streak'd red and amber, day's regent retires—  
 The landscape slow dwindles in shade—  
 And flies, skimming thickly, now exhibit fires,  
 Which twinkle\* throughout the dim glade :

As zephyrs salubrious, play from the hills,  
 Methinks wafting sweet smatch of fruits ;  
 And hail with the murmurs of deep-purling rills,  
 While frequent the fleet lizard shoots :

And frogs greeting fresco, o'er marshes around,  
 In thousands loud† croak on my ear ;  
 As sharp smacks of whip, in the near vale, resound,  
 With jabber of harsh muleteer.‡

\* The Spanish fly has, by night, the appearance of a fleeting spark.

† The noise made by those animals, in the close of a hot day, is astonishingly loud.

‡ The Spanish muleteer is very cruel to his animals.

---

**THE NUN.**

---

On yon fading summit, faint light just appears

In the cloister, where poor Bella pines,—  
Sighs for release in the marred bloom of years ;  
And to sorrow, her true soul resigns.

Their rounds of strict vigils, she mutely contemns,  
Nor values the smiles of the monk ;—  
Naught, short of Francisco, can make her amends,—  
His image has on her heart sunk.

How oft, from that gloomy balcony, she waves  
Her handkerchief white, for approach ;  
And pensive, a while of my company craves,  
That her soul, she may pour in reproach.

Interesting are her manners, and graceful,  
And features bewitching withal ;  
But, in defiance of smiles, she looks tristful,  
And languor dwells on the sunk ball.

When amongst the brunettes, she happens to stand,  
That face alabaster appears,  
Which rivals the work of the best sculptor's hand,  
That plied a chisel for years.



---

**THE NUN.**

---

A base guardian 's the source of this sorrow,  
Who essay'd to bias her love ;  
But finding she preferred Don Francisco,  
Assign'd her that prison above.

As piteous, she recites her sad grievance,  
Or rambles o'er Don's martial feats,  
Coyly warding governante's appearance;  
She drops me down grateful sweetmeats.

Ah ! luckless Maid ! Thou art there doom'd to wither,  
While plighted Francisco contends ;—  
Single, thy heart-wounding wrongs to consider,  
And remonstrate, without amends.

## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

ALMIGHTY Sovereign of Breath !

Oh ! where's thy glorious Throne?  
Found only by the vale of death—  
That thorny vale alone.

Oh ! does it far above the sky,  
Blaze in eternal Day—  
Or, deep envelop'd here, defy  
These finite eyes of Clay?

I see Thee in Thy works around,  
And yet I see Thee not :  
In mighty spheres,—in vast profound,  
Which rolls, and ceases not !

In flowers that profuse expand,  
And scent the ambient air ;  
The touches of Thy mystic Hand—  
The lovely touches There !

---

**ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.**

---

I trace Thee in the aërial choir,  
And hear Thee in each note,  
As sweet they warble due devoir  
To Thee, with zealous throat.

O, can the fish exist on land—  
Or man breathe in the Deep?—  
No—Nature hears Thy great command,  
Nor ever fails to keep.

Why marvel thus ! That pow'r divine,  
Can 'maze thee, Oh, my Soul ?  
Sure, what's to mortal, clear sunshine,  
Is darkness to the Owl !

As well may man, by rays divine,  
Be compass'd day and night,  
And yet the mystic beams not shine  
To his contracted sight.

Then let me, Great Invisible !  
Pry after Thee no more ;  
In labyrinths unsearchable,  
Which darken as I Soar !

---

**ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.**

---

But be with this blest truth content,  
That I may here below,  
If of past follies I repent;  
Feel Thee within me flow;—

In radiance mild, and peace serene,  
Shed comforts o'er my soul,  
Unsought, unknown, by dupes terrene,  
Whom air-wrought joys console.

Oh ! let me, from that boundless source,  
As planet from the sun ;  
Still lustre borrow,—still rehearse,  
“ On earth Thy will be done.”

### DBATH'S ADMONITION.

"GROV'LING Man! Material Shade!  
 Thou drudge to folly, and Parade!  
 Retire, I pray thee, from the crowd,  
 And mark my arrows fell the Proud!  
 Sweep off alike, the lord, the slave,  
 To one inglorious, common, grave;  
 Where pleasure, pageantry, and toil,  
 Are bounded by the yawning soil;  
 Where earth-born glories ever cease,  
 And nobles rank perforce, with base.  
 Aspire! Aspire! Thou art Erect!  
 Why stoop to Earth?—The spell detect,  
 Before I glance the sting at thee,  
 That dooms thee to eternity:—  
 Seek solid happiness on high,  
 And then the wreck of time defy."

**ADDRESS TO THE DOG.**

COME, ever grateful, ever loyal, Friend !  
Still trace my footsteps—still my paths attend :  
And let the flashes of that honest eye  
Proclaim for ever, one companion nigh,  
Within whose breast, no impulse sordid dwells—  
No envy lurks—no treachery impels !—  
Whether 'tis mine o'er life's calm course to glide,  
Or struggle with the tempests of its tide,  
One faithful friend I find, in ev'ry state,  
Who wavers not, nor varies with my fate.  
O, noble Brute ! Reproof to reason's Lord !  
My care, my friendship, shall be thy reward.

## THE CONVENT.

RELENTLESS Cage! where beauty pines,  
 In dull, sequester'd, fetid, chambers;  
 And Nature prompts to secret crimes,  
 Beneath the threats of deadly dangers :\*

Dost thou pretend to cleanse the soul  
 Restrain'd, alone, by human Rigor?  
 As well might man spring-tide control,  
 Or stem its billows with a feather.

Vain is then, this frail endeavour,—  
 For tho' thy foul air, the rosebud blights,  
 The reluctant soul will never  
 Regenerate through monastic rites.

No—the human breast, like powder ;  
 Restraint but makes impetuous still—  
 And subverts great Nature's order,  
 When power divine sways not the will.

\* On the author's exploring some dark, mysterious, cells in the ruins of a convent, he was acquainted that in case of a nun's committing a *faux pas*, she and her infant are doomed to be secretly disposed of.

## THE TEMPEST.

WHEN anchor we weigh'd in the Tagus,  
 The heavens propitiously smil'd,—  
 A gentle breeze play'd on our canvas,  
 And green ocean wafted back mild.

Tars shouted, in technical lingo;  
 As at each hearty tug, I somehow,  
 Thought I saw 'em foretasting old stingo,\*  
 By the smile on the sun-beaten brow;

While we, with the heart-cheering prospect  
 Of gaining once more, Albion's isle,  
 Long'd so for her comforts, more perfect,  
 That each vi'd creeping time to beguile.

\* Beer is very little used by the Portuguese, and that little is bad.



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THE TEMPEST.

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We joyous pass'd forts on the northward,  
And spooning by Lisbon's rock, cheered;  
But a gale sudden sprang from the eastward,  
Chaf'd Neptune; and prospects now veered.

Soon elements wildly contended,  
And the heavens dark lower'd on the gulf;  
Till blue billows, foaming, ascended,  
That threatened our bark to ingulf:—

Conflicted, and burst, with dread fury,  
And briny mist, shed thick around;  
While vortex seem'd eager to bury,  
And mountain sweep to the profound.

As thus, through expanse, we were hurl'd,  
Night deepened our terror in gloom;  
And naught now, was distinct of the world,  
Save loud ocean sparkling in fume.

The tempest still raged more fiercely,  
While vast surges o'er our deck burst;—  
A luckless tar sprang aloft, scarcely,  
When he was swept off from the mast.

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**THE TEMPEST.**

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On rising, he shriek'd in the abyss,—  
Shriek'd aloud, as he grapp'l'd in vain;  
All hands flew to help, but 'twas Fruitless—  
Fate doomed him to fathomless main.

Thus harass'd, the drear night we weather'd;—  
Plough'd the verge of the bay \* once so still:  
But at length, all on deck, joyous gather'd,  
To spy England ascend as a hill.

Convulsion now slowly subsided,  
As we drew near the cliff-skirted shore;  
And each anxious soul, wan and jaded,  
Prayed he may know Neptune no more.

\* See the Campaign.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF TWO  
INFANTS.

*Found murdered in L\*\*\*\*\* F\*\*\*\*\* House, Berkshire.*

Poor victims of a curs'd Intrigue !

Destroy'd to screen some wanton's shame :

Plung'd into an untimely grave ;—

Your rites unpaid,—unknown your name.

Ah Well ! The day is nigh at hand,

When blackest deeds must come to view ;—

The culprit shall in 'mazement stand,

Arraign'd by conscience, and by you.

Oh, worse than Madness ! Is it not,

To think, because frail man can't ken ;

Such barb'rous actions are forgot

By Him who scans the hearts of Men ?

## ON HEARING A WONTED SUPER- NATURAL NOISE.

TELL us, thou Ghost! Thou haunting spirit, Tell!  
Fleet'st thou from Heaven, or the nether Hell?  
Back o'er the mystic gulf, to hint foul wrongs ;  
Or wail guilt past, in everlasting Bonds?

Come, buzz the Truth! And terminate suspense:  
Say, has ruffian hand dispatch'd thee hence,  
Or the bravo, at thy insidious nod;  
Hurl'd some babe, or sluic'd some vital Flood—  
Or have thy hands been stain'd with human Blood?

Nay, cease not, fly not now, because I Speak!  
For that thou art, and hereabouts doth sneak,  
Is true\* as that Jehovah reigns on High!  
Then why illude—still hint, and still Deny?

What means that canine Yawn—that Step—that Tap!—  
Respiration—and mysterious Drop?—  
Oh, restless Genius! Though thou wilt not tell,  
Convinc'd am I, all here, has not been well.

\* In consequence of the author's having taken the house alluded to, for a term he was under the necessity of residing in it for years, and could now bring forward several witnesses to assert, that it has long been, and now is, troubled by some supernatural agent.

## THE RETROSPECT.

### *ON RETURNING FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.*

How still, how lonely now, this seagirt spot,  
 Where oft I join'd the sportive cricket set :  
 Shared in pastimes, ne'er to be forgot ;  
 Which serve but to excite my fond regret.

Oh, what a Change!—It is not quite three years,  
 Since groups so airy, frolic'd o'er this turf :  
 Unmindful that they trod a vale of tears,  
 In state as fluctuant as that argent surf

Which rushes up yon rocks, in foamy flight ;  
 And sports a while, in effervescent strain ;  
 Then quick returning, fleets from human sight,  
 Into the bosom of its mother main.

Ah, surely we are mock'd by varnish'd Baits !  
 Full light as sunbeams on the restless flood :  
 Toy'd so treach'rous by the slippery Fates,  
 To spur hot fancy, and the ardent blood.

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**THE RETROSPECT.**

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Where's now the blithsome spark, with bat in hand ;  
Warding the ball with emulative Zeal ?  
The lilting bugle, and harmonious band—  
The roaring drum, shrill fife, and merry Peal ?

All, all are Gone ! And nothing here remains,  
To break the sombre silence of the waste ;  
Save ocean's roar, lurching seagulls' screams,  
And hollow breezes, murm'ring from the east.

Ah ! many since have sunk on honour's field,  
To grapple with the ruthless king of fears ;  
And others, hardships sore, compell'd to yield,  
Full like, just then, to bloom for many years.

Thus sports vain man, inestimable Life !  
Forgetful of that day of recompense :  
Bustles 'mid scenes of pleasure, pain, and strife ;  
Till 'ware, or unaware, he's cited hence.

## THE CONTROVERSY.

ON peeping one day at my mirror,  
 I could not help crying to time—  
 “Thou blaster of beauty and vigor,  
 Thy finger has early touch’d Mine.”

“Forsooth, I have marr’d thee a little,”  
 The vet’ran, sarcastic, repli’d;  
 “But beauty I ne’er saw a tittle:  
 Thy beauty was pencil’d by pride.”

“Gruff Fellow!” I answer’d him, tartly,  
 “What meanest thou, by the Remark?—  
 Mothers oft own’d I look’d smartly,  
 And fair belles allow’d me a spark.”

“Condition oft dims mothers’ vision,  
 And belles see through love’s microscope;  
 Then thou’lt no more twit with derision,  
 Or boast of thy beauty, I hope.”

## ON FALSEHOOD.

ANNOYANCES plenteous beset us,  
 And evils spring thickly around ;  
 But Heavens ! Can pest half as vicious  
 As Falsehood, amongst them be Found ?

With contempt, we may laugh at the picklock,  
 And parry the highwayman's thrust ;  
 But human precaution does this mock—  
 This pest, of all others the worst.

Like some treacherous snare in the thicket,  
 Destin'd for the wariest foot ;  
 Or genius deputed by thwart fate,  
 Its ills in obscurity shoot.

If ourselves, from its onsets, we cloister,  
 It fastens on character fair,  
 And full often, with venom of viper ;  
 Stings sly, when we least can beware.



## REFLECTIONS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

*SOON AFTER THE BATTLE.*

How tranquil now, this memorable plain,  
On which I saw the armies fierce contend;  
Positions take, surrender, and regain,  
Amidst the hottest showers Mars could send.

The spirit of the grave still reigns around—  
Methinks, keeps vigil o'er his vasty prey;—  
Haunts the features of this blood-drench'd ground;  
Nor yet seems willing to relinquish sway.

The conflict's o'er, the harass'd field's at rest;  
Nor may it groan again, 'neath scenes so dread,  
But calm, imbosom luckless warriors' dust,  
Till summon'd by the trump, to yield its dead.

On yonder mount, our brigade\* bivouack'd,  
Sheltered by some friendly shocks of corn;  
As storm pour'd, and purple lightning flash'd,  
Which seem'd portentous of the scenes of morn!

\* Light brigade.

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 REFLECTIONS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.
 

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Here, in huge pits, legions jumb'l'd, sleep,  
 In concord which survivors cannot boast;  
 Officers, privates, chargers, heap on heap;  
 Friends and foes, without distinction, tost.

Full many, \*fancy now attempts to draw,  
 Who undaunted scoured the crimson'd field,—  
 Fraught with scrupulous sense of honor's law;  
 Resolv'd to perish, rather than to yield.

I see them now, bold wave the gleaming sword—  
 Breathe martial fire 'mong the charging bands—  
 Brave dread peril, at the sovereign word—  
 And fell the clashing foe, with zealous hands.

Ah, here they lie, consuming with the Slain!  
 Could I but trace them now, my soul would bleed:  
 To them, what boot the soothing lilts of Fame—  
 The glorious conquest, or the valiant Deed?

Perhaps some, calcin'd on yon circles \* black;  
 Alas! Enrich the harrow'd soil around,  
 Who, led intrepidly, the fierce attack;  
 As fragments of their bones bestrew the ground.

\* The large circles upon which bodies had been piled and burned, were preserved from the plough.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

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Here too, Lie scatter'd, vestiges of war,  
Of which, some once bedeck'd the vet'ran brow;  
Casques, plates, and eagles, ne'er to glitter more,  
But brook the rakings of the sturdy plough.

This very spot, our corps once occupied—  
Gain'd o'er gasping troops, just slain in charge;  
As whizzing shells, rak'd sore, and numbers died  
'Midst sable oels, and cuirassiers large.

I cannot, will not quit, without once more,  
Marking the scenes of that eventful day;  
Suffering fancy just to glance them o'er,  
Ere I, most like, for ever steer away.

Tremendous thunders, roll from right to left,  
And armor'd giants rush upon our squares,  
As steel sharp clinks, and thousands are bereft  
Of husbands, sons, brothers, suitors, sires.

O'er the echoing plain, dun volumes spread:  
Swift, galling rockets fly on deadly wing;  
Charge succeeds charge—incessant teems the lead;  
While rival shouts, on each advantage, ring.

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 REFLECTIONS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.
 

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Ah ! thousands foster'd with parental care,  
 For many years ; are mown by swiftest death,  
 Which glances grievous through the fumid air,  
 Nor spares the youthful, or the vet'ran, breath.

Even bridegrooms, buoyed on native hope ;  
 Who gather'd laurels for their charmers' feet,  
 Yield in this conflict, to the bitter stroke  
 Which severs them from those they'd fain remeet.

On press the raging foe, and seize our guns ;  
 But with brave Brunswickers, we charge to gain ;—  
 Level the terror of proud Gallia's sons,  
 And sweep the daring brigands o'er the plain.

Our ordnance rescu'd, play with wonted roar ;  
 Still awful is the carnage of the scene :  
 Our jaded troops cry on the foe to pour,  
 But this, the chieftain, prudent does not deem.

At length, Napoleon's haughty guards, defile ;—  
 Loud shouting, "*Vive !*" sally 'cross the plain,  
 And eager now, for Brussels' promised spoil,  
 Rush on our brigade, swift to force a lane.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

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Unequal to the shock, our line gives way,  
And their furious masses press pellmell :  
Dubious the fate of the momentous day,  
Untill we rally, and their force repel ;

As Prussia's wasted corps appear in sight,  
Assail their wing, and columns vast dismay.  
All conflict bitter, till they take to flight,  
And frantic, yield the honors of the day :—

In wild disorder, scamper off the plain,  
Forsaking guns, and flinging armor down ;  
As we still charging, strew our way with slain,  
And hail the downfall of a despot's crown.

Peace universal, is the grand result,—  
No longer monarchs totter on the throne :  
Nor may that tyrant e'er more raise tumult,  
Or force the conscript from his native home.

The gallant chief oft cheer'd our harass'd lines,  
As he survey'd with penetrating eye,  
And that characteristic calm which shines  
Conspicuous as his native suavity.

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 REFLECTIONS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.
 

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" 'Tis well my Boys! 'Tis Well !" A captain cried,  
 On seeing him close pass our dwindling square,  
 At a juncture it was sorely tried ;  
 " Behold, great Douro smiles ! There's naught to Fear !"

A loud Huzza! resounded through our corps,  
 To which, e'en wounded \* lent a feeble aid ;—  
 The hint fail'd not lost spirits to restore,  
 And those who hopeless droop'd, now bold assay'd.

Kind Heaven spares him to his country still ;  
 Still conquest beams due glory on his brow.  
 Long be it thine, great Victor, to fulfil  
 Her views with eclat such as crowns thee now.

Beneath this brow, the proud usurper stood,  
 And found safe refuge from our pond'rous shot ;  
 Unfeeling, view'd the lavish flow of blood,  
 Nor spar'd the zealots of his daring Plot !

Oh ! Let me laud that mighty, mystic hand,  
 Which shielded from the messengers of woe,  
 This frame, allow'd the livelong day to stand  
 A monument of Providence below.

\* Fact.

## ODE TO HONOR.

STERLING brilliant of the Soul !  
 Assum'd so often by the fool,  
     The hypocrite, and knave,  
 Art thou, unsulli'd, to be Found ?  
 Or but a hackney'd, sorry, Sound—  
     To sham, a vassal Slave ?

Long have I sought amidst the maze,  
 The lustre of thy boasted rays,  
     But often have been mock'd ;  
 Full frequent found thee spurious, sure,  
 In placid, haughty, and demure,  
     As paste, in gilded sock't.

If on this earth, in truth, thou art,  
 Unto my breast thyself impart ;  
     And be through life my guide :  
 The man who finds thee once, is blest,  
 But happier he, within whose breast,  
     Thou deignest to reside.

### HUMAN FRAILTY.

A DEAR, gentle, widow was once so distress'd,  
 That her *tete* she consign'd to the fire,  
 Protesting it was the intent of her breast,  
 From display and mankind to retire.

Her fair, doleful brow, now no ringlets adorn'd ;—  
 Quills formal supplied their place ;  
 And stiff weeds so strangely her aspect transform'd,  
 That she, in short, buried her grace.

Though jointure was ample, no spark dar'd approach,  
 Of the many who sigh'd at the change,  
 And long'd for a season propitious to broach  
 Their sentiments tender as strange.

Grief deepest, however, by chance passes off,  
 Somewhat like the black-mantl'd shower ;  
 And so it now happen'd—dear ladies, don't scoff :  
 In a giddy, a bewitching hour.



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**HUMAN FRAILTY.**

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A rake more sheer than the rest of the lovers,  
Discovered a flammable spark,  
Which he kindl'd, in despite of the others ;  
Till he sat him down, lord of her park.

So tickl'd was she, strange enough it's to add ;  
That twelve months had scarcely crept o'er,  
When she tripp'd to the altar, in flowing white clad ;  
With a tete finer far, than before.

But Lo ! Cupid's smiles, now soon to frowns turned ;  
And to this hapless day, she laments  
She has not once more, the partner she mourned  
So short; or the touch of her rents.

### THE RETORT.

GRAVE reader, mark how oft we see  
The wedded lack sweet unity :  
Illude the world, for many years ;  
By tender smiles, and cordial airs :  
Drudge on in the hymeneal yoke,  
To mask the offspring, or the joke.

Now I intend to sing a story,  
About an Ewe and Ram of Gorey ;  
And if thou wish to hear my song,  
Quick cock thy ear, and come along.

But cavil not at this, my lay,  
Nor gleek if I should hap to say  
My Ewe at times, can boldly ride,  
And Ram find pocket snug at side.

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 THE RETORT.
 

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Thus said the Ram unto his mate,  
 As they one day, sat tete-a-tete —  
 “What is the reason pray, my dear,  
 That you so odd, of late Appear?  
 You seem to treat me with disdain;  
 And all our neighbours see it plain.”

“The fault, my love, is all your own—  
 You know you are not fond of home,  
 And one of my vivacious turn  
 Can badly bear to be forlorn.”

“’Tis False! I tell you madam, now:  
 And such ado I wont allow.  
 The neighbours sneer, oft as I pass,  
 And some e’en call me a jack-ass.  
 B’ Jove! The joke is going too far:  
 Take care, or we shall come to war.”

“Take Care! How So? I only do,  
 As I have long been taught by you:  
 With this exception, I must say;  
 That you ’re so apt to go astray,  
 And heap expenses b’ the way!”

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**THE RETORT.**

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“ Madam, I tell you now, you Lie !  
And that I lov’d, you can’t deny,  
Until I saw you wish to rove  
To this gay ball, and that sweet grove.  
Sure, if we only walk together,  
You trip away, and toss your feather ;  
Or, take some booby by the arm,  
And, smirking, tell me ’tis no harm.  
Now, do you think, I’ll condescend  
To tamely brook unto the End ? ”

“ No harm at all, my love,” she cries ;  
“ It’s only as the fashion flies :  
And though you think it very odd,  
I’ll instance you our Lady Todd.  
*Her* elegance attracts some slur,  
But like myself, she spurns censure.”

“ Well, you’re a pest, I do Declare !  
What right have you to copy Her ?  
You know such polish’d people are  
More culpable than others, far.  
The more we know, the more’s requir’d,  
Then mind you do as you’re desir’d.”

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**THE RETORT.**

---

"All true, my dear, but recollect  
You know enough to be correct,  
And therefore should example show,  
To such as do not better know.  
As for me, my conscience clears  
In spite of calumny and sneers."

"Madam, I will not bear such Prate!  
I swear your impudence is Great!  
Sure every one that sees you step,  
Pronounces you a demirep."

"A Demirep! Did you then Say?  
I'll make 'em prove their words this day;  
For I defy the tongue of slander,  
Tho' you'd fain reproach and maunder:  
And now, I tell you, once for all;  
The fault is your's,—not mine at all."

"Old Crone! you know it is untrue;  
The fault entirely lies with you;  
And now, I simply tell you what—  
You shall desist, or I'll be Shot!"

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**THE RETORT.**

---

“Desist!” she cries, in strain more tart,  
“From What?—Our dispute shall be short.  
My fortune brought a snug supply,  
And I was pleasing to the eye—  
Accomplishments I could boast too,  
And to be insulted thus by You!  
Give me my own, and let us part;—  
I’ll quit to-day with all my heart.”

“Your Own! What mean you now, you Elf?  
I marri’d your fortune with yourself:  
Besides, the lambs are vast expense;  
And there’s the future consequence:  
Now, but for them, I do protest,  
You should turn out, ere I take rest.”

“Hush, Hush!” She cries, “or else they’ll hear;—  
We shall expose ourselves, my dear.  
Perhaps we’ve both been indiscreet;  
So let us make it up, my sweet;  
And say no more, but take good care,  
Henceforth, at least, to seem sincere.”

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 THE RETORT.
 

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" No, no, as you now wish to go—  
 There, take the chaise, and old Strongbo :  
 Or if you longer live with me,  
 Mind, you forfeit your pinmoney,  
 Should you again abash my face,  
 And bring the lambs unto disgrace."

" You I despise, and Strongbo too ;  
 With ev'ry such designing View !  
 Your love for money grows still worse,  
 And as for Strongbo—ay, you may curse ;  
 He's more a camel than a horse.  
 Had I not been so fool'd by you,  
 I might have carr'age and horses too."

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" Begone, you flouncing, silly, Jade !  
 Your bombast is as light as shade ;  
 And had I known what I now do,  
 I never would have marri'd you :  
 But I was gull'd, and that's enough ;  
 By show, and coquetry, and Stuff !"

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**THE REBUTT.**

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“ Boor ! nor would I have marri’d you,  
If I had known you’d prove untrue.  
There’s Mary Ann, and all the Rest !  
I hear you often are their guest :  
And now I am constrain’d to tell,  
Be sure I know your freaks right well.”

“ Tis no such thing ! That’s all a Hum !  
Act in future with decorum ;  
And let us pass the matter off,  
That people may no longer scoff :  
Or else our lambs may miss some hit,  
And that you know, would not befit.”

“ Agreed,” rejoins his cooling spouse,  
“ If you’ll again, but plight your vows  
And promise me the same to do ;  
To be from this day, kind and true :  
Think how much better it would be,  
Than sparring this way—Teh-he-he !”



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**THE RETORT.**

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“ In mending mood, he calm concurr'd,  
Nor twitted her another word :  
But drew a horn from each socket,  
And slipt it to his private pocket :  
And thus strife ended, as folk say,  
Between this Ewe and Ram, so gay.”

## THE CHOICE.

LET the libertine laugh,  
 Riot's palling cup quaff,  
 And the sweet bond of Hymen revile ;  
 But the comforts be mine,  
 Thro' the span of my time,  
 Dear Constance, beneath thy kind smile ;

To enjoy my fireside,  
 Thus apart from the tide  
 Of vanity, envy, and show ;  
 In innocent pastime,  
 That leaves no sting of crime,  
 'Mid these pledges of true love below.

To me, more pleasure flows  
 From the kettle's solos,  
 Than the lays noisy Bacchus inspires :  
 From this harmless prattle,  
 Than slanderous tattle,  
 Or the scandal that gossiping fires.

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**THE CHOICE.**

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The witling may lavish  
The cup which fools ravish,—  
Free carouse o'er the juice of the vine;  
But to sip the infusion,  
In peaceful seclusion,  
With thee, dearest Constance, be mine.

And while thus we enjoy  
Comforts free of alloy,  
Let us these dear tenderlings form  
To all that is virtuous,  
Noble, and courteous,  
And Heaven's injunctions perform.

## ON THE DEATH OF WEARE.

How treach'rous, how deprav'd, the human heart!

Ah! sure its virtues seem to waste with time!

Our journals, tales of horror now impart,

Which ought, methinks, disgrace a savage clime.

Behold that monster of this vicious day,

Invite his victim to the sportive field!

Conduct him 'long the darksome, lonely, way,

That he more slyly might his weapon wield.

Along they speed; in social chat engag'd;

The unsuspecting guest foretasting joy;

While Ah! He little knows the plot encag'd

In the fell bosom of this "Turpin Boy!"

Jack still smiles false; his victim lolls at ease;—

Now jocund chitchat smooths the puddly way,

As the two other caitiffs pass the chaise;

Joe singing low, "All Right! Jack has Him! Hey!"

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 ON THE DEATH OF WEARE.
 

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On those ruthless villains dash, emulous for spoil;  
 Yet full fond of base, inglorious, breath;  
 Loath to share the dreadful, perilous, toil;  
 They loiter, quaff, and 'hude the hour of death.

Jack, right facetious, meditates his plan,  
 Yet quivers as they near the destin'd spot;  
 While still the cheerful, but ill-fated, man  
 Jokes, unconscious of his wretched lot.

Now in track dreary, ominous\* of ill,  
 The placid ruffian slyly shifts his whip;  
 Resorts to pistol, and quick aims the pill  
 At him who only now, detects "the Trick!"

Weare stunn'd, jumps forth, with lacerated cheek,  
 Crying, "All I'll Forfeit! Only spare my Blood!"  
 But Ah! It's late the mock revenge to meek:  
 Jack, choice of neck, persists with hardihood.

\* It is remarkable, if Hunt's confession be true, that the unfortunate Weare was so struck by the gloominess of the lane, as to exclaim—"D—n my eyes, Jack! here's a pretty place to cut a man's throat, if you want to get rid of him."

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ON THE DEATH OF WEARE.

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The wilder'd victim runs for precious life ;

But oh ! unhappy Fate !—his route is wrong :

While at his heels, the murd'rer feels for knife ;

Bent on despatching, and rifling, him, ere long.

They struggle now—Weare still for mercy calls ;

And hot, defending life, they grappling, reel ;

But soon the sacrifice, half vanquish'd, falls,

As, horrid Thought ! Base Jack imbrues his steel.

From Weare's throat, a crimson torrent gushes ;

But not enough—to terminate his shrieks,

Jack bores his temple, 'till the brain he touches ;

Then hauls his writhing prey, as life-blood reeks.

While he gropes for plunder, selfish fears arise,

And frightful struggles, pangs, and groans, conspire,

With ev'ry puff that through the fol'age sighs ;

To damp the glow of his infernal fire.

The deed thus done, Jack drives in trepid haste,

His conquest to announce to false allies,

And regale on Billy's luscious feast,

As poor Weare, weltering, fades, gasps, and dies.

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ON THE DEATH OF WEARE.

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And now the crazy spirit hovers round  
 Her mangl'd relics, ere she takes dread flight,  
 O'er that dark, mysterious, gulf profound;  
 To record her grievance in the Courts of Right.

Here sure's a dark enigma to be solv'd!  
 Who held the horse, untrain'd in bloody scenes?  
 Potvaliant now, did Will, or Joe, resolv'd  
 To brave all risk, attend to take the Reins?

Well, whether it was thus or no,  
 Perhaps it matters not:  
 Let's turn the back on Gill's Hill Lane,  
 And steer unto the cot.

Soon a sav'ry dish appears for eventide repast;  
 And polite, as blithe, the gentry take seats:  
 Jack, quite the beau, though well besmear'd, and splash'd;  
 Jokes, puns, and laughs, but sickens as he eats.

And comic Joe, right pliant to the fairs,  
 At their request, free warbles sweetest song:—  
 To him they list, with fascinating airs,  
 As Will shoves round the liquor, right or wrong.

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 ON THE DEATH OF WEARE.
 

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Snug, an attractive watch now passes round ;  
 Each scans, and marks its cases are not single :  
 But the ladies query not where this was found,  
 Tho' Jack slyly styles it " a niceish thimble."

Gay as a lover, he opes the golden links,  
 And with its chain, encircles madam's neck ;  
 But coy as the plant which from finger shrinks,  
 She recedes ; yet lets him the lily spot bedeck.

When the fairs retire, the pandemonium  
 Echos hugger-mugger, while Jack scans the booty ;  
 And as " share of blunt," without encomium ;  
 Hands each six pounds, as stimulants to duty.

Thrice hapless Weare ! Too like our silly race ;  
 Thou foster'd still the fatal thief of time :—  
 Ah ! Didst thou think those symbols\* of disgrace  
 Were doom'd for spoil, before the hour of Nine ?

Anon they plod,—Will lights the cheerless way—  
 To Gill's Hill Lane, with sack, and hempen bond :  
 To drag the body, ere approaching day ;  
 To Will's garden, to conceal, it in the pond.

\* Dice, cards, and backgammon-board, found amongst his apparel, in a carpet bag.



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 ON THE DEATH OF WEARE.
 

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Pardon me, reader, for curtailing my song,  
 Since after scenes can now, no interest supply :  
 'Nough to say, Joe swears,—Will swears Joe is wrong;  
 And Jack denies all; yet owns by the bye.

When the hour arrives for yielding forfeit breath;  
 Amid vast hosts, Behold Jack coolly Gaze!  
 While solemn waits the officer of death,  
 To launch him into the awful, mystic, Maze!

Quick falls the drop! Shocked nature Struggles!  
 And sympathetic hum pervades the throng;  
 As the scar'd soul, brooding on past juggles;  
 Kens Weare's lowering shade swift glance along.

I cannot well conclude my lay,  
 Till to grave Justice Park,  
 I ascribe all that's excellent,  
 And feelingly remark,

'Twere happy for community,  
 Would underlings observe,  
 Who dare thro' pique, or influence,  
 To meanly wink, or swerve.

### THE WISH.

My lot be peace, with ample crust;

Ne'er may I want a friend,

In whose professions I may trust,

And on whose smiles depend.

Who slights not in adversity,

Nor courts when Fortune smiles;

Protects man, of whate'er degree;

From base oppressors' wiles.

Duplicity, that arrant fiend,

Which lurks in human breast,

Beneath the vizard of a friend;

Oh! May I e'er detest:

And ward, as still more treacherous

Than thrust of ruffian's steel,

The smile of that deceptive wretch

Who stabs, and feigns to feel.

## VICISSITUDE.

ONE day, as farmer Johnny Stubs  
 Was seiz'd with fit of mulligrubs,  
 His spouse, a homely, hoggish, dame;  
 With moisten'd eye, did thus exclaim—  
 “ Poor Saowl! You'r gwain to die, you be!  
 I knows it b' what I can see:  
 And 'mazin' unkid it will seem,  
 When you be gone to Gobble Green.  
 Law, there's a Twist! You'r gwain apace:  
 I sees it b' your deathly face.  
*My* dear measter, let me send  
 For Lawyer Clinch, that he may mend  
 That fault you knows, that's in the will,  
 Consarnin' that there, wothless Bill.  
 His mother never work'd like I,—  
 He's trimming fond o' company;  
 And if you laves him any thing,  
 Mind what I say's, 'twill be a sin.”

---

VICISSITUDE.

---

Johnny, writhing, faint agreed,  
 But sigh'd, " Will ought to have the mead—  
 The mead his mother's fortin bought  
 When I had not a single groat.  
 Oh! Do ee send for Doctor Pill:  
 Ah Missis! I be 'mazin ill."

Dame, fearing words should not obtain  
 The darling object of her aim,  
 Now quick despatch'd the poor drudge, Bill  
 For Lawyer Clinch, and Doctor Pill;  
 While her own heir sat computing  
 What there was, and what would suit him.  
 The lawyer soon 'lit at the door,  
 And with a countenance demure,  
 Protested he was very sorry  
 To see need for such a hurry:  
 But consol'd Dame with the remark,  
 That we must all resign the spark.  
 She thank'd him with court'sy profound,  
 And flippan't told a tale so round,  
 About this patch of meadow ground;  
 That (tickl'd by a small douceur)  
 He promis'd he would it secure

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 THE VICISSITUDE.
 

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To her and her's, for many years ;  
 And thus allay'd the matron's fears.  
 The deed is finish'd,—read awrong,  
 And feebly sign'd by wincing John.  
 Good Dame now careful locks it up,  
 And just bethinking—cool enough,  
 Whines “ Law, dear measter! I forgot—  
 Where must us saow the white Turmot?  
 Tis well I thought, before you goes;  
 For where to put 'em, you best knows.”  
 Now screwing up a ghastly face,  
 John was about to name the place,  
 When in the Doctor softly walk'd;  
 Tri'd pulse and tongue, and gave a draught  
 That quick dispers'd the pinching wind,  
 And banish'd Heaven from his mind.  
 Soon more dispos'd for worldly scenes,  
 John begs to con the plan of means.  
 The Dame reluctant hands it out,  
 And snug, with spectacles on snout;  
 He reads a moment, then exclaims—  
 “ Zounds! What's all this?—Dame, for thy pains,  
 This here shall go into the flames. }

---

**VICISSITUDE.**

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And what is more, I'll cut thee off,  
To barely what will buy thy loaf."

Good Dame forg'd many an excuse,  
But all tended to little use :  
John's anger but rose higher still,  
And burning the deceitful will,  
He seal'd his vows with mighty oaths,  
Heard not, I trust, by antipodes ;  
Which so affected the good Dame,  
That soon she had a phrensi'd brain ;—  
Rav'd often of the little mead,  
The cow, the hens, the fruit of trade ;  
And was, to close the hapless scene ;  
Herself soon borne to Gobble Green.

## THE MIDNIGHT TERROR.

WHAT awful lightnings glance along the Gloom—  
 And mighty, shaking, thunders roar on High !  
 Oh ! Does Christ shoot, to seal all nature's doom ;  
 In radiant grandeur, through the midnight Sky ?

Hark ! Do I hear the shouts of hosts Divine ?  
 Is it his flaming sceptre lights the air,  
 Around a slumb'ring world, involv'd in Crime—  
 Or is it startled fancy strikes the Fear ?

Oh ! Am I now, unerring Judge, prepar'd  
 To meet eternal sentence, without Dread ?  
 Ah ! Conscience whispers I am deep insnar'd—  
 By false allurements, constantly misled.

And will I still this treach'rous course pursue,  
 If I be spar'd to see another Sun ?  
 Ah No ! I'll mourn, and oft my couch bedew,  
 For sins committed in the space I've run.

## DEATH AND THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

“ Prepare ! The moment fast arrives,  
That I am quick to pierce thy heart,  
And note thy fall, beyond the skies ;  
With other victims of my dart.”

“ Spare ! Oh Spare !” The pastor cries ;—  
“ I’m not quite ready yet to go :  
And let me seek with tears and sighs,  
The mercy I have priz’d so low.”

“ I cannot add one single jot,  
Or act an instant ere my time :  
The Arch-Judge fixes each soul’s lot ;—  
Merely to execute is mine.”

“ Oh, hard’s my Fate !—What shall I Do ?  
Will God refuse time to Prepare ?  
Oft have I preach’d His mercy to  
My flocks ; and now, will He not Spare ?”



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 DEATH AND THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERD.
 

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“ Ah ! Hadst thou done as thou hadst preach’d,  
 Thou need’st not be thus terrifi’d :  
 Example would have sinners reach’d,  
 And God been justly deifi’d.”

“ Oh ! Have I not ?” The pastor cri’d—  
 “ Though conscience is n’t quite at rest.  
 The poor I never yet deni’d,  
 Nor have I fail’d to do my best.”

“ Hold !—Hast thou never chas’d the fox,  
 Or poach’d thy neighbour’s wingy tribe ;  
 Instead of cherishing thy flocks,  
 And making precious souls Alive ?”

“ I have, ’tis true, in days now past ;  
 But nature looks for recreation :  
 And often given alms unask’d,  
 And the dying consolation.”

“ So far, it’s well,” said Terror’s King ;  
 “ But hast thou not in revel join’d ;—  
 With rattle made the feast-room ring ;  
 And e’en the covert’s smiles Parloin’d ?”

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 DEATH AND THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERD.
 

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Wincing, the pastor heav'd a sigh ;  
 Pans'd, wept, and made him this reply.

“ The truth of this, I don't dispute,  
 But charity covers many sins ;  
 Mine will, I hope, my faults commute,  
 And buoy me to the living springs.”

“ Thy hope is Hollow !” Death repli'd.  
 “ There's other charity requir'd ;  
 But thou art drifted by that tide  
 Which has myriads mis-inspir'd.”

“ What charity then, dost thou Mean ?  
 Oh, tell Me ! That I seek it now ;  
 And spare until I try and gain  
 That Peace which softens thy harsh brow.”

“ What ! Hast thou taught so many years,  
 And never yet the great truth learn'd,  
 That naught can safely banish fears,  
 But that Love, true charity Term'd ?”

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**DEATH AND THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERD.**

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“ Oh, Yes! I’ve often preach’d that Love ;  
And wish my soul fill’d with it now.  
Spare ! Oh Spare !—I’ll seek above ;  
And to my Savior breathe a vow.”

“ Tis now too Late ! Thy day is Past !  
Thy ears were deaf unto his calls :  
Hauteur and folly swell’d thy breast ,  
And presently thy carcass Falls !”

“ Oh, wretched Doom !—What’s to be Done ?  
Of pride, pray don’t accuse me thus :  
My garb, the pulpit well become, —  
To me, the humblest had access.”

“ Yes yes, all this I do allow,  
But look thyself, and thou wilt see  
That no pride seems as bad, somehow,  
As pride which feigns humility.”

“ I think, in Matthew, thou might’st see  
Thy picture, by the Savior drawn ;  
About the chapter twenty-three :  
With all the woes denounc’d thereon.”

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**DEATH AND THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERD.**

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“ Ah, Me ! With thee, to parley’s vain.

Kind Heaven ! Raise me from this bed.

Sore is my soul ; increas’d my pain :

Oh, Hear ! And I will right be led.”

“ Thy call is fruitless as thy vow”—

More grim than ever, Death replies ;

“ We’ll wrestle for a moment now :”

Then darts his sting ;—the pastor dies.

## DEATH AND THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

“ THrice happy Soul ! Thy race is run ;  
And I'm to launch thee past the skies,  
To hear the King pronounce “ Well Done ! ”  
In strains of bliss that never dies.”

“ O, joyous News ! ” The saint exclaim'd.  
“ My conflicts then, are at an end ;  
And may I now, not be asham'd  
To meet the convert's faithful friend.”

“ Fear Not ! He mark'd thee for his own ;  
And now awaits, with gracious smile,  
To vest thee with immortal crown,  
Which sin or Satan sha'n't defile.”

“ For thou hast seen, beyond the vale,  
By faith, the bliss, and torment, there ;  
And, to avoid, did'st not once fail,  
The pleasures which forerun despair.”

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**DEATH AND THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.**

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“ And yet, I am imperfect now,  
But He, I know, accepts the will,  
Who for man's weakness will allow ;  
And loves the eager soul to fill.”

“ Yes yes, all this is very true :  
Thy wish was strictly to obey ;  
And thou hast piloted a few  
The narrow path, to endless day.”

“ Gems in thy crown, they too shall be,  
Sparkling through unbounded ages,  
Then step into eternity,  
Nor fear a thought that ill presages.”

## DARBY O'GALLAGHER.

" Of all the days in the year, good friday was the day  
That Death come to my cabin, and hik'd poor Joan away.  
But Och, *mo Brone*\*! I'm sure, 'twas good to all but me,—  
It robb'd me o' my jewel, an' left me orphans three."

" Though it was a fast-day, Ah! 'twas once a day o' joy!  
Been it was the birth day o' sweet Pat, our eldest boy:  
But now, my darlin' Angel! That you are gone from me,  
Another hour's comfort more, myself will never see!"

" Yerra look'ee at your picthers dear, sobbing b' my side!  
Och! Little enough we dhreamt o' this, last merry shrovetide.  
And 'tis n't that I says it, you were, that very time,  
The likeliest, and clanest, girl among the Twenty-nine!"

" Your skin was fairest red an' white, and roman your nose;  
Your hair as black as jet,—your two eyes like any sloes,—  
Your waist was nate an' slendther as any in the room,  
And your nice-turn'd leg an' foot was prais'd that afternoon."

\* Properly *Mo Brone*. My grief.

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DARBY O'GALLAGHER.

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" But there's no use in talkin', my darlin' you are gone ;  
 And a bachelor I'll die, let me live short or Long !  
 For *your* sweet sake alone, my precious, jewel dear ;  
 And 'tis here myself will often come, to dhrop a bitther tear."

" My only comfort is, that you were well prepared,—  
 Anointed by your worthy priest, Father Tim Lennaird :  
 And had seven masses said, to rest your poor, dear, soul ;  
 And got the blessed thrifte, to pay Sin Pether towl."

" A pair o' spick an' span new shoes, I put on your feet,  
 For the tajous journey ; as you lay 'mong flowers sweet :  
 Your coffin, o' double dale, was mounted beautiful ;  
 An' tis I gave the village boys a brave belly-full."

" But, *mo Brone* ! It grieves me to think o' the little spray  
 That *your* people, an' *my* people, had the burryin' day.  
 Your's why, was so conthrary, that they must have you home,  
 And mine was as detarmin'd you'd go to Garry Ow'n."

" One word another brings about, 'till they comes to blows :  
 Your coffin was let tumble,—Och ! Out my jewel goes,  
 About the slobbery road, and deel a one would help,  
 Until it was detarmin'd that you'd lie wid myself."



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DARBY O'GALLAGHER.

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" I'll pray for your poor sowl, both mornin', noon, and night ;  
 Tho' I'm sure, my angel, you always done what's right :  
 And father an' mother be, to poor Pat, Bet, and Ray.  
*My* grief, athout Relief ! That you're laid low To-day !"

But that Darby was a man  
 I shall now proceed to show,  
 Who from all these protests ran,  
 Before Joan a moon lay low.

And no sooner was it known  
 That he prowld in wooing mood,  
 Than mothers eyed his home,  
 And daughters played the prude :

For it was smok'd that Darby  
 Aspired at some good lass,  
 As modest, wise, and wary,  
 As dispos'd for Hymen's mass.

Within the month, he cull'd a blowze,  
 Full sedate, but somewhat stale ;  
 Unto whom he tender'd vows,  
 In the following lovetale.

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 DARBY O'GALLAGHER.
 

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"Judy, honey, I tell you what—I badly wants a wife;  
 And if you're only willing, we'll buckle to for life.  
 My little thrade incrases, an' I must have some one  
 That well knows how to cather, an' mind my chilther young."

"Throth I has," he pursued, as tenderly she leer'd;  
 "A rather for yourself, my dear, darlin,' Judy Peard:  
 And if you'll consent to be my wife, there's clothes *go lore*;<sup>\*</sup>  
 That belong'd to poor Joany—poor crather, she's no more."

"There's a beautiful mode cloak, an' handsome figur'd shawl,  
 Five bran new cotton gownds, her best bonnet an' high-caul;  
 Shifts, shoes, an' stockings; an' purty ribbins for your head;  
 An' her fine, rich, silver buckles—Heavens be her Bed!"

"Well, *my* dear, she's gone,—sorrow a use in talkin' now:  
 I was goin' to say, a brave pig I has in Sow!  
 A couple o' nice, tight, bonnovs,<sup>†</sup> an' fine feather bed;  
 Three pair o' silver tayspoons: and sure will be your bread."

Feigning somewhat more reserve,  
 To whet her lover's fervor;  
 She press'd with quivering nerve,  
 And hinted he might have her.

\* 30 lopt. enough.      † Young Pigs.

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**DARBY O'GALLAGHER.**

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Darby gave a joyous hug,  
Coupee, and luscious smack ;  
And the day he wedded Pug,  
Regaled a sportive pack.

Bluff Father Tim presided,—  
A soul fond of festive feed :  
All etiquette decided,  
And, forgetful of sound creed,

Shov'd the whiskey punch about,  
And expertly shuffl'd cards,  
Till it becomes a revelrout,  
And Tim dubb'd some blackguards.

Nor was his sapling now rever'd,  
That old native\* tempted strong ;  
Though a rod so often fear'd,  
Whether plyed right or wrong.

And as ill luck decreed it,  
Thro' a sweep from Father Tim,  
The reeking kettle tilted,  
And Och ! Scalded Darby's shin.

\* Whiskey.

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DARBY O'GALLAGHER,

---

To bed he was escorted  
 Before his pouting bride ;  
 Sore, bousy, and contorted :  
 Nor did revelry subside

Long before the dawn of day,  
 When Behold ! The reeling crew  
 Bore the pipers quick away,  
 And brushed the morning dew ;

To serenade sweet lasses,  
 Full many a mile around ;—  
 Entice them to their glasses,  
 And rude caper o'er the ground.

Ten gay months had not quite past,  
 When a bantling Judy brought,  
 And now Joan's young offspring cast  
 Upon this wide world, resort

To filching\*, potatoes, turf,  
 And in short, what comes to hand,  
 For Jude's snubs became more gruff,  
 Och ! As Darby lost command.

\* One of the lamentable results of the neglect of the Irish poor.

## THE INQUIRY.

WHY joy, fond Mother ! at thy infant's Birth—

And lavish choicest cheer, in festive Glee—

When on its ingress to this wretched earth,

Its cries portend the miseries we see

Low'r over man's precarious course terrene ;

Cloud futile mirth, and with existence Reign ?

Nay, is it not an heir to Death ? And worse,

If unregenerate it quits this Scene ?

Liable to the dread result of curse —

Eternal Anguish ?—Sure we're taught to ween.

Then why such giddy Merriment ?—Oh Why !

When thy beloved care, at best, must Die ?

Ah ! Were we jealous of our offsprings' fate,

Such cries, methinks, would agitate each breast ;

And urge to point the tender mind to state

So far transcendent to this land of pest,

That warmest fancy never yet portray'd

That blissful Eden for the faithful made.

## ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

*In the Metre of his "Tear."*

WITLESS sure is that man,  
 Applaud him who can,  
 That dares virtue's precepts to stain;  
 To ply powers great,  
 Her views to frustrate,  
 And depravity tickle, for Fame.

Clearsighted, yet blind,  
 Of vast, but wrong mind,  
 Ah Byron! Thou courted a name;  
 Shed sweets that entice  
 Frail mortals to vice,  
 For the plaudits of earthborn Fame.

Had thy shackl'd soul  
 But grace to control  
 The spell which perverted thy brain,  
 To rank with the great,  
 Would be thy proud fate,  
 With brow justly laurel'd by Fame.

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ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

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But let us lament  
Such powers mispent,  
And thy renown blemish'd proclaim :  
Free shed pity's tear,  
As thy dust we draw near,  
That thou hast degraded thy Fame.

Still venting a sigh,  
Thy benignity  
To Grecians, we cannot refrain  
From pronouncing great,  
Such as might palliate,  
Faults trivial, and raise drooping Fame.

A "Tear" thou hast ask'd,  
Unfeigned, unmask'd—  
This tribute we cannot restrain ;  
That thou hast so marr'd  
Thy glory as bard,  
And sunk on the highway to Fame.

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ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

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But even the "Tear,"  
Unfeigned, sincere,  
To that man, is pitiful gain,  
Who soars not above  
Sublunary love,  
Or perishing vauntings of Fame.



## THE ATHEOUS PHILOSOPHER.

A prying, deep, philosopher,  
 Of talent bright and popular,  
 Was, when the time for exit came ;  
 Twitch'd by a dread he fear'd to name :  
 For though repute stood wondrous high,  
 In truth he did his God deny,  
 And certain little faults commit,  
 Which to minute, might not be fit ;  
 Particularly as our day  
 Allows intrigue a sprig of bay :  
 Suffice to tell, he mispent time,  
 And sacrific'd at Plutus' shrine ;  
 Fancied all the fruit of chance,  
 Nor cherish'd the remembrance  
 That man posts to another state,  
 To meet an everlasting fate.  
 As Death advanc'd, this dread grew strong,  
 Yet dull conscience slumber'd on ;  
 And like some sluggard goaded up,  
 Felt, doz'd, and felt ; but not enough :

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**THE ATHEOUS PHILOSOPHER.**

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For though he scann'd immensity,  
He wanted sensibility  
Of soul, to know the twinges there,  
Prove a God reigns everywhere.

In snug bequests, ten thousand clear,  
He transferr'd to rich cousins, dear,  
Whose care most earnest, just then was,  
Lest he might hap to scape Death's jaws ;  
Give him the slip, as oft before ;  
And disappoint them yet once more.

However, Death no longer minc'd,  
And now Alas ! He is convinc'd,  
The instant he the body quits ;  
That he had neither eyes nor wits :  
For all at once, bursts on his view,  
A terrific flood of livid hue,  
In vortex of immensity,  
Extending far as eye can see ;  
Which flaring, casts up smoke intense,  
Amidst a vast of darkness dense ;  
And dashes fiends quick to and fro,  
That yell, revile, and gnash, below ;  
And ever strive to scape the flames,  
But cannot rend the mystic chains ;

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 THE ATHEOUS PHILOSOPHER.
 

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Or aught obtain to cool the tongue;  
 Or flee each surge, which strikes a pang,  
 Suited to ev'ry soul's desert;  
 That passes off, but to revert.

Fain would he stop, but quick impel  
 The tempests of impendent hell,  
 Which, teeming from dread wrath, divine,  
 Convulse the lake like raging brine.

In sable state, the Prince appears,  
 With cloven feet, and brutish ears—  
 Salutes with grim, deceitful, sneers;  
 And pointing to the gulf below,  
 Cries, "Welcome to eternal Woe!"

"I thought to have thee long before,  
 But Death deceiv'd me o'er and o'er.  
 Oh! Must thou not a dupe be deem'd,  
 To doubt a God, and b'lieve a Fiend?"

"Welladay!" The atheist cries,  
 With overwhelming sobs and sighs.  
 "Thou Hast! Thou Hast led me Astray!  
 But how, Oh How! I cannot say.  
 Full well, I see that all proclaims,  
 A mighty God! A Savior Reigns!"

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 THE ATHEOUS PHILOSOPHER.
 

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"Tis plain enough," the Prince replies;  
 "And worse than fool, he's that denies.  
 Didst thou resist my deadly spell,  
 And all my wiles, and snares, repel,  
 Thou would'st not be thus doom'd to hell;  
 To share the plagues that never end;  
 Among them waves which fierce contend,  
 And scatter fire spray around,  
 From shore to shore, of the profound."

"Oh! Oh!" he howls, as creeping pangs  
 Presage the woe that o'er him hangs,  
 And metamorphose his aspect  
 To fash'on like the fiend, direct:  
 "Could I but once get back again,  
 Unto that fatal land of men,  
 I'd shun such dreadful, liquid, flames,  
 Agonies, shrieks, and hopeless Screams."

"Well, well, I have no time to spare"—  
 Says Satan, with sarcastic air:  
 "Thou hast full long indulg'd on earth;  
 Now off unto the hottest Birth!  
 Behold more sent, on ev'ry Side!  
 To be, like thee, plung'd in that tide."

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**THE ATHEOUS PHILOSOPHER:**

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Then with fell mien, he pounces on,  
And, croaking a triumphant song,  
Swift sweeps his victim to the brink—  
Fierce hurls him down, and marks him sink—  
Rise, yell, and struggle with each surge,  
Which on him bursts with grievous scourge;  
Proclaiming to his tortur'd soul,  
Thus shall my plagues eternal roll.

### ON THE LOSS OF SABINA.

Ah! Thou hast flown, dear Maid!—For ever Flown!

And left me pensive, to deplore thy flight:

Now single, o'er these once lov'd paths to roam,

Which we were wont to traverse with delight:

When thy chaste virtues daily brighter glow'd,

And swell'd with tender love, my ardent breast:

Love which at ev'ry sight more ardent, flow'd;

Alas! To tint the pictures fancy dress'd.

No more, delusive magic waves the wand,

Or soothes my wretched bosom with such joys:

Ah, No! All hope of sweet, connubial bond,

Angelic Maid! Sad destiny destroys.

Fain would I dream thy lovely figure fleets

Along these sylvan, solitary, tracks,

As envi'd rooks, retiring with their mates,

Caw wild responses to the cataracts

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ON THE LOSS OF SABINA.

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Which drown'd so oft, the whisperings of love,  
And play'd romantic din upon our ear,  
As we survey'd the torrent from above,  
Descending, branch to minor cascades, clear.

Oh, cruel Fate ! That cut the vital Thread !  
All charming snatch'd, and doom'd a soul to droop,  
Who to the verge of bliss hymeneal sped,  
With prospects fair, created but to dupe.

Farewell ! Farewell ! Ye once bewitching Haunts !  
To me, no further pleasure you impart :  
No longer flatter'd by false fancy's vaunts,  
I'll elsewhere brook the struggles of my heart.

## ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

TREMENDOUS emblem of Immensity !  
 Was e'er this selfsame brine, which now I see,  
 In waves successive, lash the bounding sand,  
 And, yeasty, rush along the pebb'l'd strand,  
 Engag'd in sweeping mankind from the Earth ?  
 Or tombing Pharaoh's host, in trackless Depth ?  
 Or hurling o'er thy breast, the harass'd sail  
 That consign'd Jonah to the waiting Whale ?  
 Or Danaus, with his fifty daughters fair,  
 Wafting to Greece, in ship, the first seen There ?  
 Or buoying Godhead, in frail mortal's Form—  
 Or shrinking at his Word, from mighty Storm ?  
 Or has it e'er beat China's distant Beach—  
 Or, far beyond the prying plummet's reach,  
 Washed the dark recesses of thy bed,  
 Amidst the wasting relics of the Dead ?  
 In vain I strive each wave to trace in thee,  
 For, like man fleeting to eternity,  
 It breaks to being—bustles for a time ;  
 And sinks into immeasurable brine.



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**ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.**

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Then roll thou on, mysterious Ocean !  
Contending flood of ceaseless Motion !  
Still like some great, insatiate, miser,  
Withhold thy vasty, hoarded, treasure ;  
And ravenous glut thy cavern'd coffers,  
With every spoil misfortune offers ;  
Till thy proud waves shall cease to sweep  
Thy blue green face, mysterious deep.

# ON FINDING A GLOWWORM.

THOU still and modest, midnight Gem!  
 That loves to beam in lonely quiet;  
 Unlike us ostentatious men  
 Who glory in display and riot:

Why darken at the human touch;  
 As tho' it soil'd that virgin Lustre?  
 Shrink not—nor quit thy dewy couch,  
 To hide thee in the sedgy cluster.

Far be it from this hand to take  
 Thy harmless, little body captive;  
 Or longer make thee cringe opaque:  
 Then glow in peace, thou coy Attractive!

Thus calmly dawns the duteous soul,  
 Aloof from bustle, show, and folly;  
 And thus, one touch of sin, least foul,  
 Would suddenly its glory sully.

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**ON FINDING A GLOWWORM.**

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Who dares to doubt the just shall shine,  
In some bright, elysian, region;  
When thus illumines, the Will divine,  
This insect of the reptile Legion?

# ODE TO A SLUMBERING BABE.

SLEEP on—Thou lovely infant Sleep !  
 Unconscious of life's torts and cares,  
 And ills which o'er thy passage sneak,  
 If doom'd to tread this land of snares.

Ah ! Can that sweet, angelic, face  
 E'er blemish'd be, by cares Coroding—  
 Or that calm, guileless, breast give place  
 To impulse sordid and Degrading ?

Or nature, mild in embryo ;  
 Yet prove to thee worst of tormentors—  
 And, like a sly, incessant, foe ;  
 Thy feelings harass on life's Tenters ?

## ELEGY

*ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN,  
OF ABUNDANT PROPERTY.*

Oh! How mysterious the decrees of Fate!  
 That volume dark which seals our future State!  
 To us, how oft, unequal now appear  
 The haps and exits of terrene career;  
 When we behold the pauper cherish breath,  
 While high, and wealthy, urge the hand of Death!  
 Has Heaven e'er predestin'd soul to fall  
 At his own will—before its solemn call  
 Cites from the common magazine of death,  
 Some dart ordain'd to still the pulse of Breath?  
 Oh No, unhappy Albert!—Thou hast been  
 Infatuated by the fatal dream  
 That man, to flee sublunar care or strife,  
 May dare to snap the sacred thread of life;  
 Unsummon'd, rush into that realm unknown;  
 And brave insulted Justice, on the Throne.  
 Oh! Dreadful Choice! Irrevocable Deed!  
 To point the fatal tube, and sink, and bleed,

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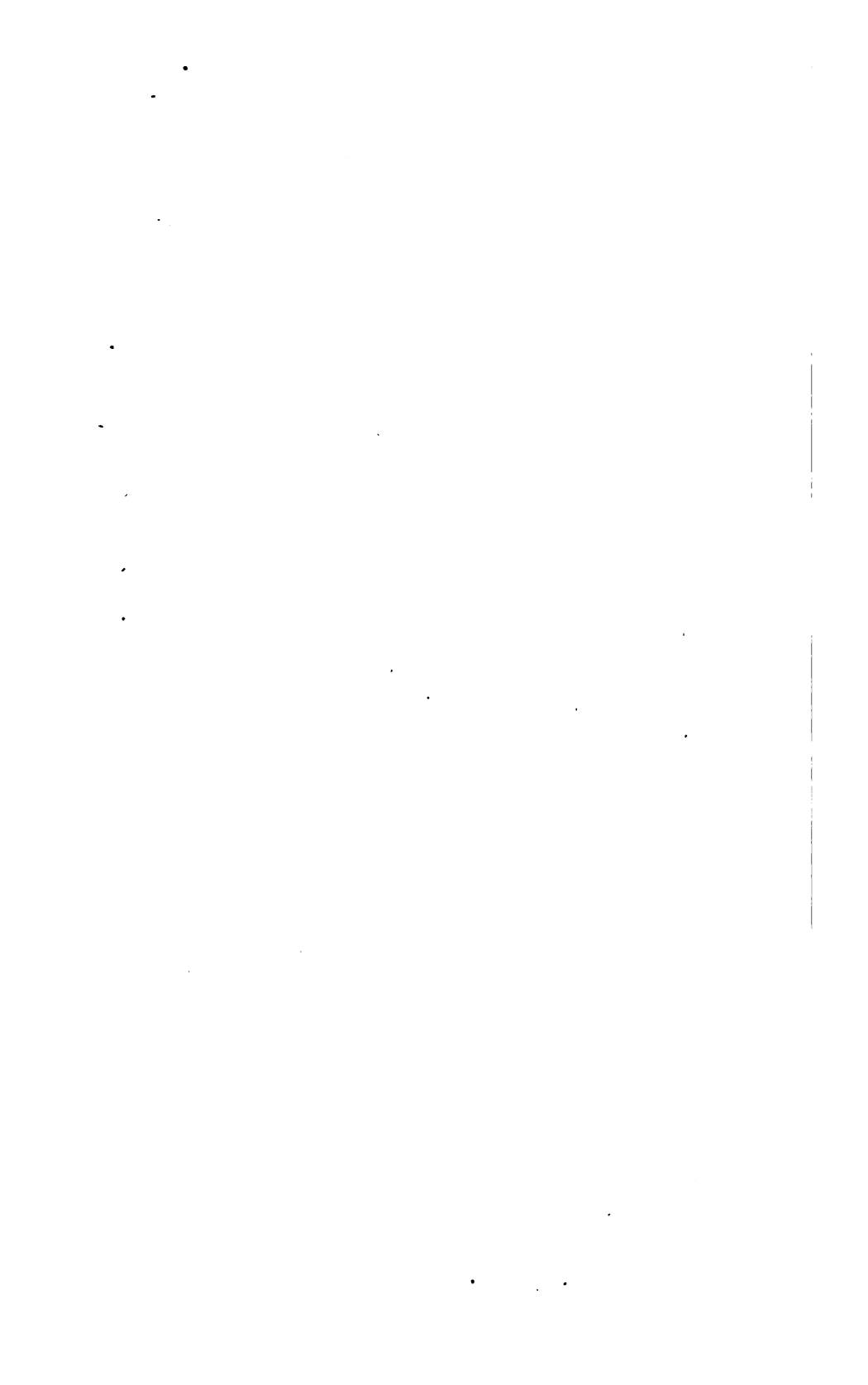
**ELEGY.**

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In life's bright noon; as health sat on thy cheek,  
And Fortune smil'd; and temper frank and meek,  
Easur'd thee friends who deep lament thy fate,  
And shall piteous, the sad tale relate,  
As o'er thy dust, in solemn pace, they tread;  
"Here, here he sleeps, among the mould'ring Dead!  
Who might enjoy the affluence of earth,  
And grace the festive day that gave him birth;  
Aloof from all those cank'ring cares of time,  
Which injur'd worth, and blasted manhood's prime."  
Oh, Albert! Albert! sorrowful to tell,  
'Tis thine, the sable catalogue to swell,  
Of those who have, in sunshine, sunk in gloom;  
And sought false quiet in the dreary tomb:  
Regardless that the vital spark must still  
Survive to suffer the eternal will.

**FINIS.**



*It is the intention of the Author shortly to publish*

**A WELL AUTHENTICATED**

**ESSAY ON APPARITIONS;**

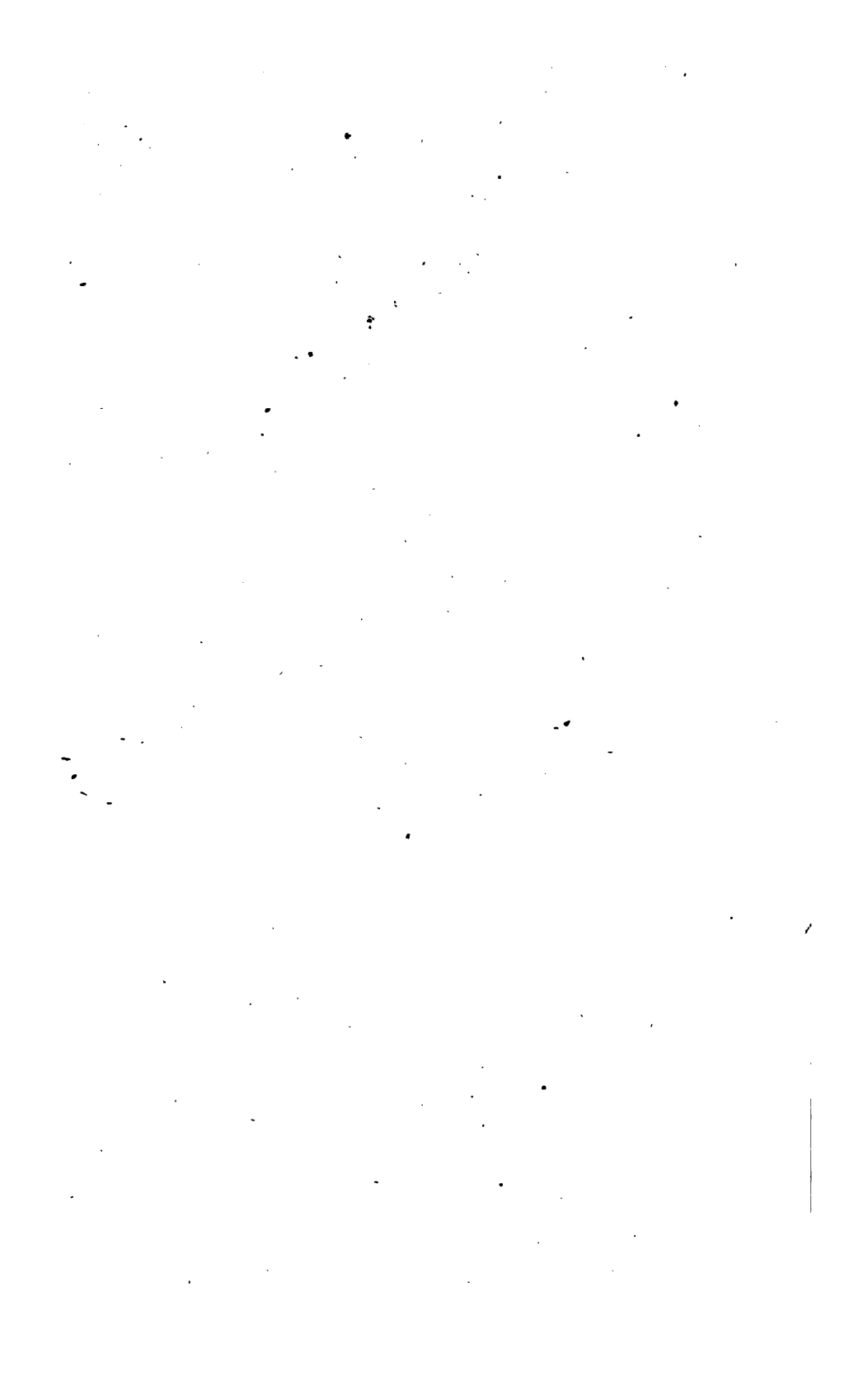
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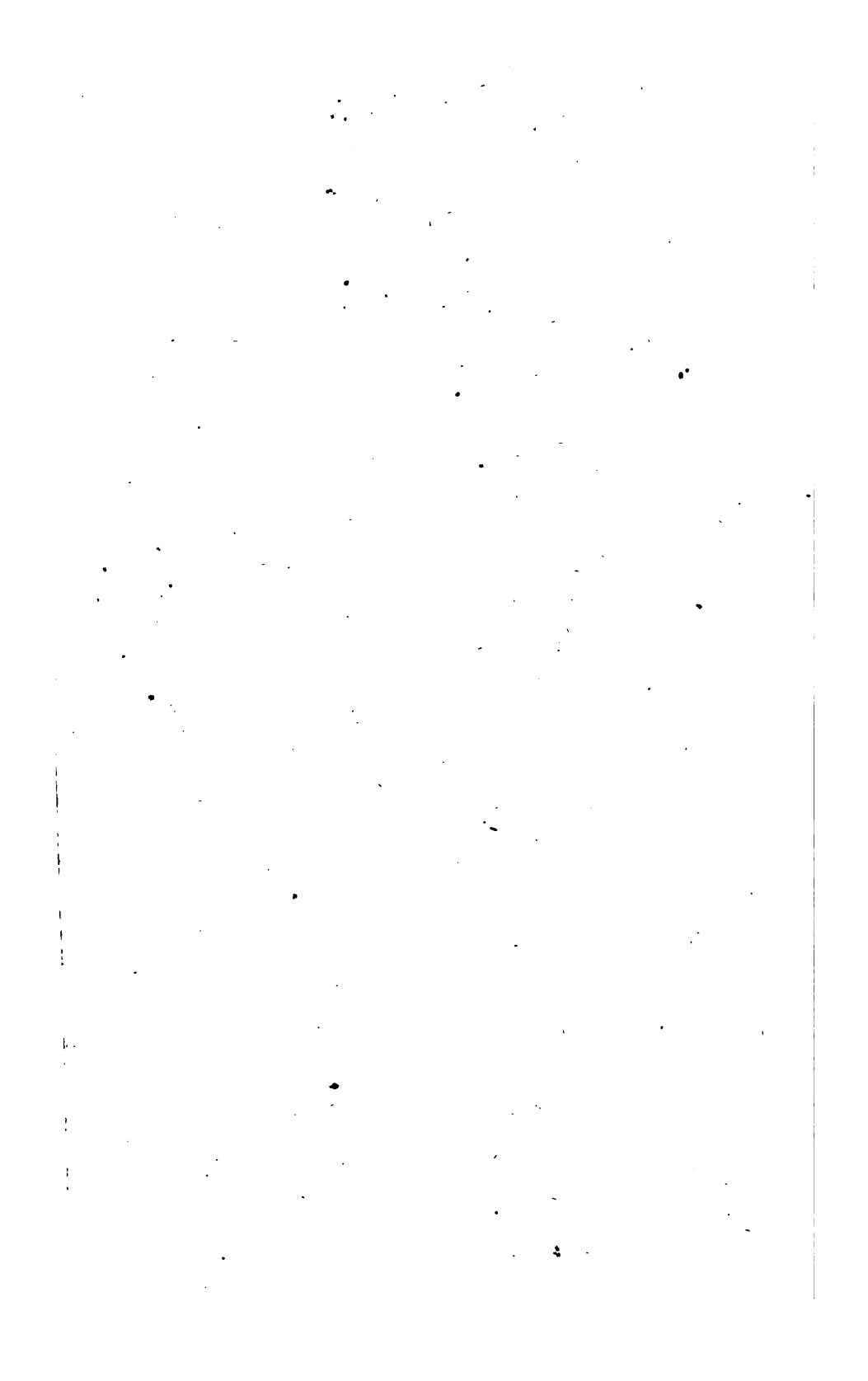
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